A Bother with four Legs

My name is Kenston Benoit (ben-wa) and I have a dog named Blaze. In December of 2020 I was looking for a dog. Everyone started to get a dog called a Covid puppy because everybody started to stay home. My mom and I used to go to a local dog shelter to see if we could find an adorable one. Whenever we did the waiting list for them was monstrously long. With those dogs there was a high chance we would not get them.

One day my mom took me to the barber. After he finished, my mom asked “Do you know anybody who is selling cute puppies?” He replied “I know a lady who sold my mom a dog. She is selling morkies.” (a morkie is a mixed dog breed between a Maltese and a Yorkshire). He gave us the number, and my mom called the next day. The lady said “I have two puppies for sale.” We met her later that day in a public area not too far from her house. The first puppy we met was named Hunter. He was super cute!

Then, my mom asked “Do you have any other puppies?” The lady replied “Yes, I do. Let me go get him.” When we met Hunter, he was trying to sleep in a little basket the lady had brought for him. Trying to stay warm. When the lady came back and we met Blaze, he wandered off, looking and exploring. My mom asked “How much do you want for hunter?” She said “$800 no checks only cash.”

When we got home, we talked about it. My mom said I’m am a little nervous about getting one of them because the lady is not a licensed dog breeder.” A dog breeder is someone who mates dogs and sells their puppies. When your licensed it means that the government approves of you mating and selling dogs. Because she was not

licensed the puppies did not have vaccines against some diseases.

That night my mom told my aunt that I wanted a dog for $800. My aunt said she would give my mom $500 for one of them. My mom said “I’ll buy one definitely.” I never knew about that.

Later, in December my mom and I had just gone to the mall, and my mom said that she was going to meet a friend at Walmart. When we went there my mom made a couple phone call. I just thought that was what my mom usually did when she met a friend. Then my mom parked in front of another car and got out. Still pretty normal. Then my mom came to my open window and dropped Blaze inside. I could not believe it. A dog! My very own dog! My mom went back to the car and gave the lady the money and came back with a box of food for Blaze.

Blaze had a very strong smell of perfume. On the way home we stopped by at Chick-Fil-A. When we were in the drive through, Blaze peed on his box of food! I said ew Blaze why did you pee on your food! I was surprised because my mom did not seem too concerned. After we got the food, we headed home.

When we got home it was madness. My mom stayed outside and unpacked the car. I went inside with Blaze. When we got inside, I needed to go to the bathroom. My mom had already bought a leash in advance for when we did get a dog. I got the leash and tied it around a doorknob, so I could go to the bathroom. Unluckily for me Blaze was so young his head was too small for the collar. So, while I tried to use the bathroom Blaze wandered around his new home.

Then, my mom finally came and held Blaze while I used the bathroom. Later I learned how to put together Blaze’s crate (a crate is another word for cage but dog owners don’t call it a crate). Once I did that, I put his mattress in it and put blaze in it. Then I finally settled down to eat. But of course, something went wrong.

Blaze pooped! He pooped on his new mattress and in his new crate. I said Blaze I’m eating over here. I gaged. I did not want to pick up poop, but I have the dog I pick up the poop. My mom gave me a plastic bag and I picked it up with my nose clipped.

Before we got a dog, my mom used to say that she would cook for the dog, make eggs, and eat pouches. Well, that did not really happen. That night after I finished eating, we gave Blaze his

food. We looked at it, smelled it, and read the ingredients. We decided once that food was finished, we would buy him something healthier. We gave him some of that and we went to bed.

The next morning, my mom made eggs. She gave blaze some two. Blaze had some of the eggs and a little baby pouch. He ate it all up. Later that day we went to Walmart to get some supplies. We got pee training pads, food, toys, and dog diapers. I watched a lot of YouTube videos on potty training. The videos said that I needed to lay pads around the floor, in the bathrooms, and in his crate and then I could start taking him out after about two weeks. Our house looked really weird with all those pads. When I went to bed that night my mom put the pads all over the bathroom floor, so I could take him there in the morning to relieve himself. Before my mom went to bed, she checked on us. The moment my mom walked in the door he threw up right on the pad.

My mom got so scared. She thought he might have gotten really sick. It turned out that he threw up because of the eggs. The next day I had school, because of Covid I stayed home and went to school on Zoom. I showed him to my class and teacher and they said “Aww he’s so cute.” Then my teacher asked “What is that around his waist?” I said “His diaper.” She laughed and said “I didn’t know they

had diapers for dogs.” Blaze sat behind me while I did school. Later that day I had tennis practice. Blaze got to meet my coach. My coached loved blaze and he asked the same the question as my teacher. He cracked up when I told him.

Birthday time! Blaze’s birthday is October 3rd. When his birthday came, we went all out. So far Blaze is only 1 year old but his birthday is coming soon. I have had blaze for over a year now and he is such a joy to have. He has character, when you don’t pay him attention, he barks out you. Everyone who meets him love him.

Sometimes people call him a dog. I don’t like that. To me he is more than that. He is my brother.

The End